Pretty KATE *of* WINDSOR:

Or, The Miller's Daughter.

To an Excellent Tune.

NEAR to the Town of *Windſor*,
Upon a pleaſant Green,
There liv'd a Miller's Daughter,
Her Age about Fifteen;
Her Skin as white as Alabaſter,
And a killing Eye,
A round, plump, jolly Buttock,
Join'd to a taper Thigh.
Then, oh! be kind, my Dear, be kinder,
Was the Ditty ſtill,
When pretty Kate *of* Windſor
Came riding to the Mill.

To treat with her in private,
Firſt came a Booby 'Squire,
He offer'd ten broad Pieces,
But ſhe refus'd the Hire;
She ſaid, His Corn was muſty,
Nor ſhould her Toll-Diſh fill,
His Meaſure too was ſcanty,
She fear'd 't would burn her Mill.
Then, &c.

Soon after came a Lawyer,
As he the Circuit went;
He ſwore he'd cheat the Landlord,
And ſhe ſhould pay no Rent;
He queſtion'd the Fee Simple:
But him ſhe plainly told,
I'll keep, in ſpite of all Law-Tricks,
My own dear Copyhold.
Then, &c.

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The next came a Trooper,
That did of Fighting prate,
Till ſhe pull'd our his Piſtol,
And knock'd him o'er the Pate:
I hate, cry'd ſhe, a Hector,
A Drone without a Sting;
For if you muſt be Fighting,
Friend, do it for the King.
Then, &c.

A late diſcarded Courtier
Would next her Favour win;
He offer'd her a Thouſand,
When in Favour he came in:
She laugh'd at that extreamly,
And ſaid it was too ſmall;
For if you come in again,
You'll get the Devil and all.
Then, &c.

Next came a ſtrutting Sailor,
That was of mean Degree;
He bragg'd much of his Valour,
In a late Fight at Sea:
She told him his Bravadoes
But lamely did appear;
Therefore to all his Bluſter
She gave but little Ear.
Then, &c.

Next came a ſmug Phyſician,
Upon a prancing Mare;
But ſhe declar'd ſhe lik'd him
Worſe than any there:
He was ſo uſed to Glifters,
She told him to his Face,
He always would be bobbing
His Pipe in the wrong Place.
Then, &c.

Next came an honeſt Taylor,
If ſuch a one can be;
And as he went to proffer
To pull her on his Knee,
She ſaid, Kind Sir, be civil,
And do not thus preſume;
You ſmell ſo ſtrong of Cucumbers,
I can't endure the Room.
Then, &c.

A Teacher then did come,
With a ſanctified Look,
And ſaid, if he could have but the
Unfolding of her Book,
He'd lead her to Salvation:
But ſhe did flout and jeer,
And ſaid, you ſaintiſh Hypocrite,
Pray never more come here.
Then, &c.

Now if you'd know the Reaſon
She was to them unkind,
There was a briſk young Farmer,
That taught her how to grind:
She knew him for a Workman,
That had the ready Skill
To open well her Water-Gate,
And beſt ſupply her Mill.
Then, ah! be kind, &c.

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